

THE POST.

WILL BE PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

At Lebanon, Ky., By
W. W. Jack.

TERMS:—The Post will be furnished to subscribers at the following rates:

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Poet's Corner.



The Old House.

There's a spot that I love, there's a home that I prize,
Far better than any on earth;
It is home to my heart by the holiest ties,
And I prize it as fondly as earth.

Oh, who from such treasure could part?
Could he leave the joys of a sweet home of love,
For a path in the strange world unknown;
Could he seek for vain pleasures and heartless rove,
If they knew the true value of home?

Home sigh to be wealthy some seek to be great,
Some envy what others can do,
But oh! I'm content in my lowly estate,
For the hearts all around me are true;
And those that are nearest and dearest to me,
And hearts that are true and true own,
With fondest affections now bind me to thee,
My old home—my dear happy home!

Select Tales.

Poor Bobby's Sick.

The following graphic account of family medical practice we copy from *Eliza Cook's Journal*:

"Run! tell him to come instantly! Poor Bobby! How he cries! It must be the plum pudding that has disagreed with him! Jane, bring Daffy! And if you can't find it on the right hand pantry shelf, look into the medicine chest for the Preservative. Perhaps the Doctor isn't at home, and the medicine will do the child good in the meantime. Quick Jane! If you can't find Daffy or Preservative, bring the Syrup of Poppies."

"Ah you have got Daffy! Now Jane a teaspoon!"

You know the opportunity of physic a baby is not to be missed. Medicine is meant to do children "good," and therefore it ought to be given. If a child cries run for the doctor. But sometimes doctors are wanted in two or three places at once. So to provide against that contingency, run to the medicine chest for Daffy, Poppies or Calomel. Give one, or all of them. You can then watch their effects and test the powers of the different medicines.

The child cries! It must be ill. Fetch the Elixir! It costs only eighteen pence a bottle, "a real blessing to mothers," ignorant ones, especially. Let any honest individual hint that the child has eaten too much, and the answer is:

"Nonsense! What can you know of that? The child is ill! Any one may see that with half an eye. Hand over the bottle and the spoon."

"Ah! here comes the doctor!"

Here he comes indeed!
"What is the matter?"

"Ah, sir! he cries and cries and cries so, the poor dear must be ill!"

"What has he been eating?"

"He has had only that some plum pudding, and a very tiny little bit of cake with conist; and an apple and—"

"Why the child has eaten too much."

"La, sir, it can't be; his appetite is remarkably small—quite—quite—quite—"

"Ah! I see! Well, you must wait until morning. We shall see how he is then."

"Wait sir, wait! why the child's quite ill. He must have some medicine."

"The child is ill, that is true; but it is with overgorging; medicine will only make matters worse. Leave nature to relieve herself. He will be better in the morning."

"Won't you give him a little Daffy?"

"Oh! rank poison!"

"What! poison? I have given it to him fifty times, and he has always been the better for it. I have given him some now."

"What! Daffy, plum pudding, conist, apples etc., etc? Why the child must have had the strength of a horse to survive all that!"

Doctors dare not always be honest to customers, else they would often speak out their mind freely, as this honest but rather rough doctor did. People will have physic. What else is the use of doctors but to prescribe physic for people? Mothers think their children are not done justice to unless the doctor is drenching them with black draught, and such like. The doctor may give advice about regularity of living, and simplicity of diet; but what does he know of that? Cooks and nurses are much more likely to understand meats—let the doctors stick to physic! He may tell the nurse not to bandage the child tightly and avoid pins; but "what can he know of child's clothes, or of their proper fastenings?"

LIKE the generality of kings and conquerors, Frederic the Great had a most philosophic indifference to death—in others.

In one of his battles, a battalion of veterans having taken to their heels, he galloped after them bawling out—"Why do you run away you old blackguards? do you want to live forever?"

THE LEBANON POST.

THE PRESS—THE SHIELD OF THE UNION—THE DEFENDER OF EQUAL RIGHTS.

VOL. 1,

LEBANON, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 10, 1852.

NO. 28.

What Mrs. Smith Said.

BY FANNY FERN.

"Saint Agatha! not been out of the city this summer?"

"No; Jones said he couldn't afford it."

"My dear innocent Abigail! Mr. Jones smokes his forty-nine cigars, a day as usual, don't he?"

"Yes."

"Well, he plays cards, and takes his sherry and hock, and all that sort of thing down town, don't he?"

"Yes."

Well, put that and that together! Just as Smith told me—"couldn't afford it." I didn't dispute the point. It was too much trouble. I smiled just as sweetly at him, as if I didn't know it was all humbug, but I very quietly went to my boudoir, and dispatched a note to that jewel of a doctor—

saying that I should be taken suddenly ill about the time Smith came home to dinner, and should not probably recover, till after a trip to Saratoga, or Niagara, or some of those quiet places.

Well he is known as a keen briar and when Smith sent for him, he came in and found me in a state of *foreordained exhaustion*, in the hands of my maid Libby.

He felt my pulse, looked wise and oracular, and said I "must have instant change, of air."

Of course I objected, declared I never could bear to be moved; was quite entirely run down, etc. Doctor said he wouldn't be answerable for the consequences, and finally, to oblige Mr. Smith I gave in! Understand? Nothing like a little diplomacy. Always use the checkrein my dear, if you want to start Jones off in a new direction. Men are little contrary, that's all. They'd be perfect treasures, every mother's son of them if it wasn't for that.—N. Y. Dutchman.

How TO WEAR A COCKED HAT.—The great Lord Heathfield, (the defender of Gibraltar,) had his peculiarities as well as other men. In those days, the cocked hat was worn by men of every rank and station in the army, as also, by a vast number of civilians; and was properly a three cornered hat, with all the sides turned up nearly alike, and all nearly equal in extent; the three cocks were also equally projecting; in short, they were very similar to the hats lately worn by the Greenwich and Chelsea pensioners, and to those which still adorn the wigged coachman, when driving to a levee or drawing room.

This hat Lord Heathfield wore quite square to the front, and so much pressed down over his eyebrows, that the edge rested on the bridge of his nose, which, by-the-by, was very high, and somewhat resembling that of the Duke of Wellington. Lord Heathfield insisted upon having the hat worn according to the above rule by every military man under his command.—One day, at Gibraltar, his lordship met a private soldier with the cock of the hat, instead of pointing straightforward, directed almost perpendicular into the air. The General very angrily threw back his own hat into a similar position, and drawing himself up full in front of the soldier, exclaimed—"there: 'Sir! look at me, sir; don't I look like an ugly blackguard?"

The soldier, who had been too well disciplined to contradict a commander-in-chief, replied, as he faced the General, as upright as an arrow, his heels together, whilst his right hand showing the palm, was placed across his forehead.—"Yes, and please your excellency, to be sure you do." The severity which the General's features had assumed, instantly relaxed, and it was not without some effort that he suppressed a hearty laugh. He hastily dismissed the man, saying: "Well, if you see the ill effect it has upon me, you cannot fail to be assured it must suit you."

AN ERECT POSITION.—A writer on health very justly condemns the habit of lounging, which a large number of persons indulge, as injurious to health. He says:—"An erect bodily attitude is of vastly more importance to health than is generally imagined. Crooked bodily positions maintained for any length of time, are always injurious, whether in the sitting, standing or lying posture, whether sleeping or walking! To sit with the body leaning forward on the stomach or to one side, with the heels elevated to a level with the head, is not only in bad taste, but exceedingly detrimental to health. It cramps the stomach, presses the vital organs, interrupts the free motions of the chest, and enfeebles the functions of the abdominal and thoracic organs, and in fact unbalances the whole muscular system. Many children become slightly hump-backed, or severely round-shouldered, by sleeping with the head raised on a high pillow. When any person finds it easier to sit or stand, or walk or sleep in a crooked position than a straight one, such person may be sure his muscular system is badly deranged, and the more careful he is to preserve a straight or upright position, and get back to nature again, the better."

As man cultivates his intellectual faculties he learns to mistrust his instincts.

If thou hast a loitering servant, send him on thine errand just before his dinner.

A Marrow Escape.

A late London Magazine, giving an account of the hunting adventures of the late Major Rogers, of the Ceylon Rifles, says that he killed, in the course of his life, "twelve hundred elephants!" Of course he had met with many singular adventures and hair-breadth escapes. One of his adventures is thus related:

"He had just had capital sport with a herd of these animals—his four guns had all been discharged,—when an unseen elephant made a charge at him, from the skirts of the jungle. There was no help for it except to run, and for one hundred yards Major Rogers kept ahead, feeling at every step the animal's trunk trying to insinuate itself around his loins. A turn around a tree gave him a momentary advantage, which he made the most of by springing into the branches—he was nimble as a cat, and as strong as a lion. One foot higher! and he would have been out of the elephant's reach; but before he had time to draw up his legs, the elephant had got him firmly clenched in the coils of his proboscis.

"Still Rogers pulled against him, thinking it better to have his leg wrenched from the socket, than fall back bodily in the animal's power. The struggle, however, did not last long, for to the delight of the pursued, and the chagrin of the pursuer, the Wellington boot which the former wore, slipped off, and extricated the leg, and saved the life of poor Rogers. The diema did not end here: for the elephant finding himself balked of his prey, after destroying the boot, took up his quarters beneath the branches, and kept his expected victim in the tree for twenty-four hours, when the *tapal*, or country postman, happened to pass by. Rogers gave him notice of his position; and on this being intimated to the nearest village, the elephant was frightened away by tom-toms and yellings. Had this occurred in a deserted part of the jungle, poor Rogers would have been inevitably starved to death in a tree."

A GOOD ONE TO GO.—"Paddy, honey, will ye buy me watch?"

"And is it about selling your watch, ye are, Mike?"

"Troth, it is darlint."

"What's the price?"

"Ten shillings and a mutchkin of the creature."

"Is the watch a decent one?"

"Sure and I've had it twenty years, and it niver once desaved me."

"Well, here's your tin; and now tell me does go well?"

"Bedad an' it goes faster than any watch in Connaught, Munster, Ulster, or Leinster; not barring Dublin."

"Bad luck to ye, Mike, then you have taken me in. Didn't you say it niver desaved you?"

"Shure an' I did—not did it—for I niver depended on it."

A TIGHT FIX.—The following amusing incident we copy from the *New Orleans Picayune*. This is a strange world, and many strange things happen in it:

We read from a notice in a St. Louis paper an account of the perils and distress of a young man, who went one evening at the witching hour of midnight to meet his "lady love." The place of meeting was the flat roof of the house next to that where the young lady resided. She and he came out and the three sat conversation apartment to such a rendezvous.

After awhile the voice of the young lady's father was heard in dangerous proximity to the group, and all three started in haste to rise and abandon the spot. "But they couldn't rise!" The roof was of asphaltum, and as the day had been uncommonly warm, that pitchy substance was rendered soft enough by the rays of the sun to receive and retain any impressions might be made upon it. The young man found his unintentional, fastened, or rather stuck tight, to the roof, and the young ladies' dresses in the same predicament. The matter resulted in the young man being obliged to crawl out of his pantaloons, and jerking the ladies to their feet by force! We merely mention this incident to observe with proper effect, that in such a case many young bucks find it difficult to crawl out of certain can't-do-without-ables, which shall be nameless, so easily as in the above case.

For our part, we do not see how they contrive to get into them; so much tighter generally are those articles than the vestment which nature usually furnishes man.

A LARGE BUSINESS.—A genius in Westchester Co. proposes going into the milk business on a large scale. He intends to buy 10,000 cows and a four acre mill pond. The latter is to be cleaned out and lined with cement, after which it is to be used as a pail to milk the cows in. This is the reservoir for distributing "the liquid clover" about town. He does not intend to resort to milk-cans or wagons, but to a system of drains and sewers—each house to be supplied with a plug for so much a year, as is now done with Croton water. This is certainly a magnificent idea, and snacks largely of "the spirit of the age." The projector is Mr. Somerville, formerly of the Utica Lunatic Asylum.—*Dutchman*.

Little Charley.

"Fanny Fern" can be pathetic as well as humorous, as the following from the New York Musical World will show:

It is hard to lie upon a bed of sickness, even though that be of down. Nauseus, too, is the healing-draught, though sipped from a silver cup, held by a loving hand. Wearisome are the days and nights, even with the speaking eye of love over your pillow. But what if the hand of disease lie heavily on the poor?—what if the "barrel of meal and cruse of oil" fail? What if the emaciated limbs shiver under a tattered blanket? What if lips parched with fever mutely beg for a permitted, but unattainable luxury? What if the tones of the voice be never modulated to the delicately-sensitive ear? What if at every inlet of the soul come sighs and sounds, harsh and discordant? Ah! who shall measure the sufferings of the sick and poor?

Dear little Charley! you were as much out of place, in that low, dark, wretched room, as an angel could well be on earth. Meekly, in the footsteps of him who loveth little children, were those tiny feet treading. Patiently, uncomplainingly, uncomplainingly were those racking pains endured. A tear, a contraction of the brow, a slight, involuntary clasp of the attenuated fingers, were the only visible signs of agony. What a joy to sit beside him!—to take that little feverish hand in mine,—to smooth that rumpled pillow,—to part the tangled locks on that transparent forehead, to learn of one, of whom the Savior says, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven." But never did I bless God so fully, so gratefully, for the gift of song, as when,—with that little sensitive heart held close to mine,—I made him forget his pain by some simple strain. I had sung for my own amusement; I had sung when dazzling lights, and fairy forms, and festal hours were inspiration; but never with such a zest, and with such a thrill of happiness, as when, in that wretched room, I soothed the sufferings of "little Charley." The garland-crowned prima donna, with half the world at her feet, might have envied me the tightened clasp of that little hand, the suffused, earnest gaze of that speaking eye, and that half-whispered, plaintive—"one more! Charley is so happy now!"

Aye! Charley is happy now! Music, such as only the blessed hear, fills his soul with rapture. Never a discordant note comes from the harp, swept by that cherub hand, while forever that majestic anthem rolls on, in which his infant voice is joining—"Worthy the Lamb."

FANNY FERN.

A FUNERAL SERMON.—Parson S—, a rather eccentric character, was called upon to "preach the funeral" of a hard case named Rann, which he did in the following unique style:

"My beloved Brethren and Sisters—If our departed brother Rann had a wanted somebody to come here and tell lies about him, and make him appear a better man than he was, he wouldn't choose me to preach his funeral."

"No, my brethren, he wanted to be held up as a shining light, to warn you from the error of your ways. He kept horses and he run'd 'em. My brethren, he did worse—much worse. And our dear departed brother had warnings, brethren. The first warnin' was when he broke his leg; but he still went on in the error of his ways. The second warnin' was when his son Peter hung himself in the jail; and his last and greatest warnin' of all was when he died himself!"

The preacher enlarged on these topics until he sunk Rann down so low that his hearers began to doubt whether he could ever succeed in getting him up again, and as is usual in "funerals," land him in Abraham's bosom. This was the object of the second part of the sermon, which started off thus:

"My brethren, there'll be great miracles, great miracles in Heaven. And the first miracle will be, that many you expect there, you won't see there. The people that go round with long faces makin' long prayers, won't be there—and the second miracle will be, that many you don't expect to find there, as, perhaps, some won't expect to find our dear departed brother Rann, you will see there; and the last and greatest miracle will be to find yourselves there!"

REVOLUTIONARY GRANDFATHERS.—Mr. Richard B. Connolly, the very worthy and very competent candidate for County Clerk, says that the only thing he has to regret, is the fact that he cannot boast of a Revolutionary grandfather.—He avers, however, that if he had been consulted upon the subject, it would have been otherwise. He would have been much gratified to have had his grandfather participate in the war of the Revolution, and his father a soldier in the last struggle with Great Britain; but, inasmuch as he was not then born, he thinks he is not deserving of censure for any neglect of his remote ancestry, to engage in the battles of our "beloved country." He is content, however, to stand upon his own merits, and if elected, will endeavor to discharge the duties of his office, without the aid of his grandfather.—N. Y. Atlas.

Ostrich Feathers.

"A fashion," said a descendant of Abraham—a dealer in feathers—to us one day, "travels in circuits, and generally performs a revolution every twelve years." He found out that feathers had their regular duties to perform in the fashions, in about the periods stated, hence he kept a sharp look out for those of good quality during the intervals. The finest feathers, and those which are most prized, once belonged to that much maligned fowl, more valuable than a hundred shanghai bari fowl, the ostrich. The finest feathers are plucked from tame ostriches, not wild ones as is generally supposed.

It will no doubt be useful information to some people, to be informed how to clean such feathers. This is done by squeezing them with the hands in strong soapsuds, and then rinsing them in clean water; this is for white plumes. After being washed they are run through a very weak solution of the sulphate of indigo, and afterward exposed to the fumes of sulphur in a tight box, the same as is done by milliners when sulphuring straw hats. After exposure to the fumes of sulphur, they are hung upon cords to dry.

To color ostrich feathers, they are tied up loosely in cotton bags, in such a way as the fibres will not be tangled, and then boiled in kettles along with the dye stuff. Scarlet can be dyed with ordinary cochineal, tartar and the chloride of tin, in a kettle with boiling water. It takes about half an hour to color.

Yellow can be colored with the chloride of tin, and yellow oak bark.

Green can be colored with fustic, and the sulphate of indigo.

Black can be colored with a little copers, blue vitrol, fustic, and logwood.

The fibres of these feathers are curled by drawing them over the edge of a blunt knife, between the thumb and finger; this is a secret in the art of dressing them. In those countries from which these feathers come, they are submitted to a bleaching process by the natives. They are exposed to the sun and dews for two or three weeks, and carefully washed with soap and pipe clay.—*Scientific American*.

THE LOON.—I saw in a Geneva paper last year, some remarks respecting the Loon, or Great Northern Diver, being taken by hooks 80 or 90 feet under the surface of the water of Seneca Lake, as mentioned by Miss Cooper in her "Rural Hours," and expressing a belief in the correctness of the statement, but there was no as soon from any knowledge of the editor.

I lately met a Mr. Wm. Ormond, a boatman living at Geneva, on the Northern shore of the Seneca Lake, by the lake road, who says he has lived here fifteen years, and has himself taken the Loon from hooks 80 feet under water, where they had been sunk for lake trout.

I consider this evidence as fully establishing the accuracy of Miss Cooper's statement, which is still doubted by some persons.—*Geneva Gazette*.

DID NOT SMOKE.—"Do you smoke, sir?" inquired the lady of the house, where Seth applied for board.

"Never," replied Seth.

A few days after, his room was redolent of the weed, and Mrs. Smith took him to task for the falsehood he had told her.

"Did you not," said she, "tell me when you first came that you never smoked?"

"Very true, and I repeat the assertion," said Seth, coolly.

"How, sir, you have the nonblushing effrontery to deny it to me now! Do you think I've lost my nose?"

Seth thought no such thing.

"No, Mrs. Smith, you haven't lost your nose, and you are quite right in saying you smell smoke, but I never smoke—never. I have a box of cigars in the closet that smoke sometimes, and I dare say that one of them has been doing it now."

Mrs. Smith was not satisfied with the explanation.—*Carpet Bag*.

SUPERSTITIONS RESPECTING BEES.—With regard to the custom of informing the bees of a death in the family, and the penalty of omitting to do so, I can add to the proof of it. I find among some memoranda I made some five-and-twenty years ago, the following note:—"In Buckinghamshire it is common, on the death of any one of the family, for the nurse to go to all the bee-hives in the garden, and tap gently three times, each time repeating three times these words, 'Little brownie little brownie, your master's dead; when the bees beginning to hum show their consent to remain. The omission of this ceremony it is believed, would occasion the loss of the bees by flight, or otherwise.'"—*From Notes and Queries*.

A similar superstition prevails to a limited extent in some parts of New England.

PROOF OF THE PUDDING.—The Knickerbocker illustrates "an old saw," by giving an old Dutchman's remark to one who had watched him an hour or two, while he warmed and made ready one cold winter's evening, a pitcher of cider.—"When it was in complete order, he raised the vessel to his lips, and without removing it, drained it to the very bottom."

"Dare now," said he, holding out the pitcher to his friend, "dat ish vat I call 'eat cider, just schell of 't nung!'"

Terms of Advertising.

For 12 lines or less insertion, - - - - -
For each subsequent insertion, - - - - -
For half column 6 months, - - - - - \$1
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" " 12 months, - - - - - 3 50

A liberal deduction made for yearly advertisements. When the number of times for continuing an advertisement is not specified, it will be continued until ordered out and charged accordingly.

The Hiltotype.

Professor Morse, the inventor of the Magnetic Telegraph, publishes a long letter in the national Intelligencer of the 8th sustaining Mr. Hill's claim of having discovered the mode of fixing the colors in Daguerrotypes. The letter is dated October 4th, as Mr. Morse, who, as an accomplished artist and colorist himself, would be presumed a competent judge, says that he has seen twenty specimens of Mr. Hill's colored daguerrotypes. The most of these were, he says, like all those of M. St. Victor, "copies of colored engravings." They were taken by the camera, and not, as has been reported, "mere transfers of colored prints;" but all were not "copies of colored engravings." Two were exquisitely beautiful portrait heads from life, and one a full length of a child from life. One, a landscape view from nature, principally buildings, which, although imperfect in parts, served from that very circumstance to verify to me the genuineness of the discovery. The colors in Mr. Hill's process are so fixed that the most severe rubbing with a buffer only increases their brilliancy, and no exposure to light has yet been found to impair their brightness. They are produced in twenty seconds. Mr. Hill has been suffering from hemorrhage, which has interfered with his labors, but Mr. Morse says:

Mr. Hill has made a great discovery. It is not perfect. There is much yet to be done to make it perfect, but he is in advance of all others, and has, within the year, successfully overcome two of his difficulties. Both yellow and white were defective in quality and truth a year ago—both are now comparatively obtained. There are other colors which, in order to make them so true as to satisfy an artist's mind, will require yet further experimenting. Is not this reason enough for not at present giving his process to the public? Who has a right to demand him to reveal it to the public now? Who, indeed, has a right to demand it any time?

INFANCY.—As the infant begins to discriminate between the objects around it, soon discovers one countenance that ever smiles upon it with peculiar benignity. When it wakes from its sleep, there is one watchful form ever bent over its cradle. If startled by some unhappy dream, a guardian angel seems ever ready to soothe its fears. If cold, that ministering spirit brings it warmth; if hungry, she feeds it; if happy, she caresses it. In joy or sorrow, in weal or woe, she is the first object of its thoughts. Her presence is heaven. The mother is the deity of infancy.

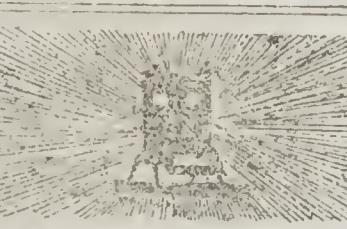
HOME.—The pain which is felt when we are first transplanted from our native soil, when the living branch is cut from the parent tree, is one of the most poignant which we have to endure through life. There are after griefs which wound more deeply, which leave behind them scars never to be effaced, which bruise the spirit and sometimes break the heart; but never do we feel so keenly the want of loves the necessity of being loved, and the utter sense of desertion, as when we first leave the haven of home, and are, as it were, pushed off upon the stream of life.

FEMALE OCCUPATION.—Women in the middle rank are brought up with the idea that if they engage in some occupations, they shall lose "their position in society." Suppose it to be so; surely it is wiser to quit a position we cannot honestly maintain, than to live dependent upon the bounty and caprice of others; better to labor with the hands than eat the bread of idleness; or submit to feel that we must not give utterance to our real opinions, or express our honest indignation at being required to act a base or unworthy part. And in all cases, however situated, every female ought to learn how all household affairs are managed, were it only for the purpose of being able to direct others. There cannot be any disgrace in learning now to make the bread we eat, to cook our dinners, to mend our clothes, or even to clean our house. Better to be found busily engaged in removing the dust from the furniture, than to let it accumulate there until a visitor leaves palpable traces, where his hat or arm has been laid upon a table.

Clergymen.

Some people talk a great deal about preachers and the cost of keeping them, paying their house rent, table expenses, and other items of salary. Did ever such croakers think or know that it cost thirty-five millions of dollars to pay the salaries of American lawyers; that twelve millions of dollars are paid out annually to keep our criminals, and ten millions of dollars to keep the dogs in our midst alive; while only six million of dollars are spent annually to keep the sixteen thousand preachers in the United States? These are facts, and statistics will show them to be facts. No one thing exerts such a mighty influence in keeping this republic from falling to pieces as the Bible and its ministers.

The gloomiest knell that rings over the fall from virtue must be to hear of the best of them.



LEBANON, KY.,

Wednesday Morning, Nov. 10, 1852.

Remember;

That from and after the 30th of Sept. that the *Lebanon Post* can be sent to any post office in this county free of postage; and to any post office in the State at the rate of 34 cents per quarter, or 13 cents the year. Now who will not subscribe to their own paper?

Come up and subscribe for the *Post*, and get your friends and neighbors to subscribe. We have not near got a living list yet. Remember, also, that we propose to send it to clubs of 10 for \$15, or \$1.50 to each subscriber; or to clubs of 20 for \$25, or \$1.25 to each subscriber. Clubs must be paid for in advance. We make no boasts about our paper, but we are willing to let it sink or swim on its own merits or demerits. If you do not like our paper do not take it, but do not say: "I like the paper very well, and would be very glad to see it continue," and then turn right around and borrow your neighbor's paper.

We have discovered a vast amount of indigent poverty, since our sojourn in this county; men who no one would suspect of being "hard run;" who, in fact are reputed wealthy; and yet, astonishing to relate, they are not able to take their own paper! We would go in to levy a penny tax to support such men.

The Railroad.

On our fourth page will be seen the petition and order for the taking of the vote for and against the Railroad Tax. The vote will be taken on the 10th day of December, 1852. Judge Cecil issued the writ of election, without advancing any difficulties whatever, as soon as it was presented.

Without, at present, pointing out any of the numerous advantages that will follow the building of this road, to the people at large, we will make a few remarks. We hope hereafter, to give an article to this subject.

The people of this county, have now an opportunity of benefitting themselves and their posterity immeasurably, on the one hand, advancing the interest of the County and the whole State, on the other. It certainly will cost them nothing to go to the polls and vote in favor of it; and the building of the road will cost them nothing in reality. Read the conditions contained in the order for the election: "That the Company will give stock for all the interest Marion County may have to pay upon her bonds issued for the amount above subscribed until said Road is in condition to declare regular annual dividends." This is precisely what it says. Well what does it mean? Why, is your proportion of tax but \$1 a year, you own about \$3 worth of stock in the road, and can trade it off for goods at par or a little below par. The man who is more wealthy, of course pays more tax. It is the wealthy who have to pay the tax, and it is the wealthy that wish the road built. "That is the very reason I am against it," says the poor man, "it's a mere speculation scheme." Well, let us suppose it is, how does it work? If it fails to accomplish what it promises now to accomplish, (which thing absolutely never did occur,) they are irretrievably ruined whilst it is impossible ever to hurt you, you are the same poor man still, and he poorer than you, not being used to poverty. But suppose this "speculation scheme" succeeds, you are benefitted by it. How? There is no man in this community, but who would like to go to Louisville once and a while, some on business some on pleasure; and can the poor man do it now? Certainly not, it cost too much. The rich are the only ones that can travel now; they can get in their carriages and go when they please. Can the mechanic, say for instance the shoemaker, afford to go to Louisville to purchase stock to carry on his business? No, for it costs \$10 to go and come.

We are truly in hopes that the party question of Democrat and Whig will not be mixed up with this affair; it should be voted for as a question involving the interest of your county, and your own individual interest. Do not say you are against it because Democrats or Whigs are for it. More anon.

The Hon. Mr. UNDERWOOD, will receive our thanks for valuable public documents.

The Election.

The great struggle is once more over between the two great parties in the United States; a struggle to which both parties have looked with no small degree of anxiety. Neither knew which of the great standard-bearers would be successful; but secretly hoped and loudly clamored for their favorite candidate. The press, too, wielded its mighty influence in the wordy war; and we say it with a blush, swerved from the path of truth. We cannot see why the partisan papers on both sides, cannot dwell entirely on truths, and not contaminate their powerful position by the most base falsehoods and misrepresentations. They are very perceptibly, destroying the healthful and beneficial influence which the press wields. We argue logically and philosophically, that as long as the people receive home truths from the press, their confidence remains unshaken; but so soon as they discover it to be disseminating falsehoods, for the evident purpose of misleading them, then their confidence begins to waver. Let an eminent Divise, whose voice from the pulpit has ever been raised to proclaim gospel truths, prevaricate in even a trifling thing, for the purpose of deceiving, and the confidence of his hearers receives a very severe shock. Just so it is with the press, it loses ground by every falsehood it sends forth; and as their number increase, additional momentum is added to its downfall in the minds of the people.

As far as heard from the result of the election has been far different from the expectation of the mass of the people, and very few, we presume anticipated the wide difference in the numerical vote for the two candidates. General Scott has met with a most disastrous defeat. The Whig press do not attempt to conjecture the causes of this, to them, unlooked-for event. The Louisville Courier, gives the most correct and common-sense reason, that ever will be given, we presume; viz.—that he did not get votes enough.

We do sincerely hope, that, now the election is over, the people of the United States will be satisfied with the result; for, in this Republican government, majorities rule, and it is consequently the duty of the minority to succumb. Precedence has most clearly shown, that this government goes on as smoothly and rightly under the administration of power by one party, as that of another. And under the old motto of turn about being fair play; General Pierce is entitled to the Presidency. In '40 Harrison and Tyler were elected; in '44 Polk and Dallas; in '48 Taylor and Fillmore, and now in '52 Pierce and King. The question may now be asked—"Who is President of the United States?" Answer, "Pierce."—"Who is Pierce?" Answer, "The President of the United States."

We have been presented with three enormous Raddishes, by Mr. WM. MILLAR, of this place. There were raddishes sown in his garden at the usual time, in the Spring; these came to maturity, and some went to seed. In gathering the seed in August, some got scattered; and the specimens which Mr. M. brought us are the productions of these seed. The average weight of these raddishes; is two pounds each; our readers may judge of their size.

Dr. Slick, sent us, two ears of corn, last week which rather beat anything we have yet seen. One measures 12½ inches in length 9½ in girth and 2½ pounds in weight; the other measures 13½ inches in length, 8½ in girth, and weighs 2 pounds.

The same gentleman sent us two Turnips, weighing 3½ pounds each.

We are indebted to Mr. BENEDICT RHODES, for two *turnip* th Turmps. We consider them the *turnip* of the season. All the description we will give of them, will be to give their weight. One weighs SEVEN and the other SIX POUNDS. If "them aint some—turnips," we don't know what you would call them.

We beg pardon of Mr. S. of Springfield, for not publishing the obituary notice which will be found in another column, on last week. It got misplaced, and was not found until after our last issue was struck.

Mrs. SELLER has purchased the tavern stand, formerly kept by Mr. J. A. HALL, in this place. The house has been refurnished from cellar to garret, and we must say, that we never have seen a hotel in any small town surpass it in neat and tasty furniture. Each room is furnished with handsome carpeting, new and neat bedsteads of the latest and most fashionable patterns. Those who have ate at the table, say that it is sufficient to please the most fastidious.

Mrs. S. has been a hostess in this place before, and we feel confident that it only need be generally known that this is the

same Mrs. S., to secure her an abundant patronage. We wish her an unlimited success.

There will be a splendid illumination in this place, to night, Wednesday, in honor of Gen. FRANKLIN PIERCE, who has been elected to the highest and most honorable office in the known world, namely: to the Presidency of the United States. There will also be a fine large balloon sent up on the same evening. It is desired that a crowd might be in attendance.

Our table as to the vote of the county has proved to be correct. The majority for Scott being 19.

As far as we can learn Scott's majority in Kentucky, will be between 2 and 3,000. He will get Tennessee by about 3 or 4,000.

See Mr. HALL's advertisements in another column. He has a fine lot of furniture &c., which he will sell either at private or public sale.

We have received the Cincinnati Dollar Times as an exchange. It can be seen at our Reading Room. It speaks for itself.

Now that the Election times are over, we will give more reading matter.

CAVING OF AN ORE MINE—THREE MEN KILLED.—The Allentown (Pa.) Democrat has the following account of an accident, by the caving of an ore mine, last week, at that place:

A number of men have been for some time employed in digging at what is known as "Guth's Minehole," on the lands of Balliet and Koch, in South Whitehall township. On Saturday morning last, four men were working in the mine, digging and taking out iron ore by means of windlasses. A large body of earth gave way at the side of the mine, and buried three men beneath its huge mass to a depth estimated at 30 or 40 feet. The names are Peter Wiesner, Peter Bell and Barnes McEllary. The fourth man escaped. Fifty or sixty men have been engaged since the time of the accident, in removing it, and up to the present writing (Monday noon) no traces of them have been found.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF OREGON—A letter to the Missouri Republican, dated August 17th from Oregon, says:

This year's emigration is beginning to drop in upon us. They report great distress on the last end of the route, from the lack of grass, teams giving out, and depredations committed by the Snake Indians, West of Fort Hall, &c. What the poor emigrant will do this year for food, after he gets in God only knows. Now, flour sells quick at \$26 per barrel, and just after harvest, when it is at its lowest price. Wheat can't be bought for bread or seed for less than \$2.60 now, and some ask \$3, \$4 and \$5 per bushel, and say they won't sell until they get that. The emigrant can't pay such prices he will not have the means to do so, and thereby must suffer. You may ask "has your wheat crop failed in Oregon?" No sir; there is no such thing as crops of any kind failing here.

But man's disposition to work has failed, hardly raising enough for themselves of either bread or seed—making their living, and having some left to "salt down" out of their stock, butter, cheese, pork, bacon, eggs and chickens. Cows readily bring \$75; beef cattle \$10 per 100 pounds on hoof; American horses are \$150 to \$300; butter 50c, cheese 60c, per pound; pork this year will be worth \$35, bacon about 50c, eggs quick at \$1 per dozen; chickens at the farmer's door, \$12 per dozen, all of which accumulates on and around the farm without labor. All old Oregonians (in before 1850) are rich, and say they would rather buy wheat at \$2 per bushel than to raise. Why? Because they don't like to work Oregon this year, will have to get bread from Missouri, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, and flour will be worth \$30 per barrel before the next crop comes in.

AN OUTRAGE.—Mr. Helmeup, of Cincinnati, a cabinet maker, was knocked down in the cabin of the steamer *Lady Pike* yesterday morning by one of the stewards or waiters of the boat with a slug shot. He hit him on the left eye inflicting a very serious injury. It appears from the statement of Mr. Helmeup that he had left his state room, to go to the wash house and on his return found his pocket book, which had been left under his pillow, lying on a stool, and an examination found it had been emptied of its contents, a one dollar bill. He asked the waiter if he had been overboard, and the things in the room, and taken his pocket book, when the man gave a very insulting reply, and knocked him down as above. Complaint was made to Capt. Remkin, and to the clerk, but no satisfaction whatever was given to the passenger, who on the arrival of the boat at the wharf took out a warrant for the arrest of the waiter, but he couldn't be found. This happened while the boat was crossing the river from Jeffersonville, and justice demands that the matter should be investigated.

—*Lebanon Courier.*

GOING TO MISSOURI.—We saw yesterday an army of emigrants from old Virginia, Albemarle county, consisting of 130 negroes and their master, who were traveling the "overland route" to Pike county, Missouri. The negroes were the finest, sleekest, and most orderly gang we ever saw. —*Lebanon Courier* 6th.

TELEGRAPHIC.

Reported for the Louisville Courier.

Later from Mex co.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 4.

Dates are from the City to the 18th.

An extra session of Congress was to meet on the 15th, and the next day the impeachment of the Minister of Justice, and Camras, Minister of Foreign Affairs, took place; also Landorall, Clerk of the War Department.

The City of Mexico was in a state of ferment, and the Government is in great fear.

Several bitter opposition papers have been started.

The law against the press had been re-cited two days before Congress met.

The Minister of War directs the State authorities to arrest all military men without passports, especially if under suspicion as insurgents.

Rebeldia was still in force, and had proclaimed the plan of Guadalupe.

The State of Vera Cruz sent two Commissioners to confer with the Government respecting the recent insurrection bill introduced to Congress granting an amnesty to the Vera Cruz insurgents.

An insurrection is reported in Michoacan.

Jahseo Barbachan has been re-appointed Governor of Yucatan.

Candinas took his seat as Governor of Famañhas Oct. 1st. He will probably find a strong opposition to contend with.

A new line of stages ran between Vera Cruz and Toluca Pacific Coast. The fair is \$115. It will soon be extended to San Blas.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 5.

The Crescent City is coming up.

The authorities at Havana permitted her to land the mails and passengers, but notified them that such permission would not again be granted. The difficulty is not yet settled.

A BRIDE'S REVENGE.—The other day, as a wedding party was ascending the steps which approach one of our Liverpool churches, the intended bride, owing to some obstruction, or to an inadvertent step, missed her footing and fell. The swain, unable, even at that joyful crisis of his existence, to conceal his vexation at this little contretemps, exclaimed pettishly, "Dear me, how very clumsy!" The lady said nothing, but she was observed to bite her lip, and a far darker and gloomier look than beseeemed the count of Hyman was seen to gather on her brow. She walked deliberately, however, into the church; the ceremony commenced; and everything proceeded in orthodox fashion, until the important question was put—"Will thou have this man?" &c. Here, instead of whispering, blushing, a soft affirmative to the communion cushions, the fair lady drew herself up, cast a withering glance upon her betrothed, and muttering the words, "Dear me, how very clumsy!" sat down the aisle, and out of the church, with the port of an offended goddess.

AN INCIDENT AT THE POLLS.—On Tuesday a patriotic Irishman, a little under the influence of "old Rye," after depositing his vote, espied the contribution box for the Washington Monument, and in the generosity of his heart took out the contents of his pocket book—\$44—and deposited the whole amount in the box. This wife came to the polls a few hours afterwards and made such a representation of her circumstances, that the Judges of the election humbly returned her \$40 of the money deposited by her over, enormous handsh.—*Cin. Gazette.*

IMPORTANT ARREST.—Our readers will remember that several months since, Oris Ross, formerly of this city, was convicted of burglary in St. Louis and sentenced to the Penitentiary of that State for a term of years and while being conveyed from the Court House to the Jail he made his escape from the Sheriff. He was re-arrested here by Mr. Brinen sometime since, but was released by a writ of Habeas Corpus. Since that it has been impossible for any officer to get so much as a sight of the chap. Brinen, however, who is ever on the alert, heard of the fellow's whereabouts a short time since, and went to work on a well matured plan to capture him. His trap worked like a charm, and the fellow soon found himself with a double pair of handcuffs in Dayton Jail. Brinen came down with his prisoner yesterday morning, took passage for St. Louis, via Indianapolis, and Terre Haute, will soon find him safely in the cage where he long since should have been confined. Much credit is due Mr. Brinen for his exertion in the arrest of this noted second-rate, and to the authorities of Missouri, who laid out on him some handsome money, in reward of his valuable services.—*Cin. Times.*

LONGEVITY.—A colored man named Billy, the property of the late Mrs. Sarah Ingram, died in Norfolk on Friday night, at the advanced age of one hundred and seventeen years. He was a native of Hanover county, Va. born in the service of Peter Garland Esq., was at Norfolk when it was burnt in 1775, and was pressed into his Majesty's service by Gov. Dummore. He was at the battle of Great Bridge, and remembered all about the Siege of Yorktown. The Norfolk Herald says:

"Billy was strong, hale and hearty even to the day of his death. He was employed as a drayman until he was 75 years old, and at the age of 68 could roll a hoghead of sugar weighing 1500 pounds on his dray without assistance. He was always good humored well disposed, and scrupulously honest. It is a remarkable coincidence that for the last sixty years he

lived in a family, three of the inmates of which have died within the last two years, two at the ages of 92 and 94, and one at the age of 76."

LATER FROM PERSAMBUCCO.—We have received dates from 10, down to the 9th, being fifteen days later.

There had been a moderate den and for sugar somewhat lower prices than previously quoted. White 20s 61 to 21s 3d for superior, and from 15 to 18s 7d for regulars. The shipments this season amounts to 47,506 tons against 54,000 tons last season.

Cotton was in good request, the arrivals from the interior being limited, and barely sufficient to meet the demand, in consequence of which prices were well maintained. The stock on hand on the 9th was 3,640 bags.

In hides there had been but few sales; higher prices being demanded. Green sides were selling at 3 2-3 per lb. Tanned do at 18s to 20s 3d.

There had been few arrivals in manufactured goods during the month. The stocks in importers' hands were estimated at 4,800 packages.

Ale and porter were a dull sale, the stock being abundant and the demand flat.

Owing to the precipitancy of the occasion, the white horse will not go up in the balloon this evening.

Married.

ON the 4th inst, by the Rev. T. J. Moore, Mr. JOSHUA PHILLIPS, to Miss LUCY ANN PEAK, all of this county.

Accompanying the above notice, came some delicious wedding cake, for which we thank the donors, and wish them an abundance of happiness in the marriage state.

ON the 4th inst, by the Rev. D. S. Colgan, Mr. JAMES S. STALLINGS, to Miss SARAH JANE WOSHAM, all of this county.

Accompanying the above was a nice little budget of wedding cake for which we thank all parties, and wish them much happiness.

COMMUNICATED.

Died.—On Tu day, the 26th of October, near Springfield, Washington county, Ky., THOMAS L. CLEMENTS, in 25th year of his age of Pulmonary Consumption. He has left a large circle of relations and friends to mourn his irreparable loss. As he had lived so he died, a pious member of the Catholic Church. His walk was ever such as to recommend him to the confidence of his friends and acquaintances. Amiable in his disposition, accomplished in his manners,—he was loved and esteemed by all who knew him. May he rest in peace.

New Subscriptions to

Notice

I HAVE a very fine Jack, 6 years old for sale, apply to JOSEPH A. HALL, Lebanon, Ky., Nov. 10—f

Take Notice.

I HAVE a very large lot of household furniture mostly new, and in perfect order, which I will sell off, privately, between now and Saturday, 15th of November, at which time I will expose the residue for sale at public auction.

Last Call.

ALL those indebted to the undersigned, will please call immediately, and settle the same by cash or note, as I must, positively settle up my business.

JAMES W. ROWLAND, SANDERS SHANKS, Nov. 10, 11.

Rowland & Co. Wholesale Grocers, and Dealers in Bacon, and Flour, Hides, Tallow &c. Southwest corner of Main and Second streets, LOUISVILLE, KY.

We will pay the highest prices in cash for Bacon, Lard, Feathers, Tallow, and country produce generally. LOWLAND & CO., Nov. 10, 1852—f.

For Sale!!

A VALUABLE NEGRO WOMAN, about 25 years of age. Good Cook, Washer and Ironer, she will not be sold to go out of the neighborhood. For particulars enquire at the Printing Office.

Nov. 10, 1852—f.

Hon. GREY'S Adm. against R. Grey's heirs & Co's. on petition.

ALL persons having claims against the estate of Robert Grey are hereby notified to come forward and present their claims before the undersigned, Judge of the Marion County Court, at his office in Lebanon, on, or before the 1st day of December, 1852.

M. J. CECIL, P. J. M. C. C.

WILLIS, STELL, PENS, INK, WAFERS, PENCILS, &c. on hand and for sale at the Printing Office.

GREAT BARGAIN!!

Valuable

For Sale.

OFFER for my farm, in Hardin county, Ky., situated about five miles south of Elizabethtown, on a fine four mile of the Nashville and Louisville Railroad, and about half of a mile of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. Said farm contains

500 Acres Of first rate Bottom and "Up" Land; well improved, with a good dwelling and necessary out-houses. Said land is in a fine state of cultivation; well timbered; well supplied with never-failing Springs; of as good water as there is in the State; also, well adapted to raising stock and any kind of grain a man could wish. Being surrounded by good Merchant Mills, and in a neighborhood of good Society; renders it more desirable.

I will sell from two to five hundred acres, to suit the purchaser. For further particulars, call on the subscriber, on the premises.

Oct. 13, 1852—f. BENJ. G. YAGER.

House and Lot for Sale!!!

BY virtue of a decree rendered at the last September Term of the Marion Circuit Court, in the case of E. Muldrow and others vs. C. A. Porter and others, I will sell in Lebanon, at the Court House door, on Monday the 6th day of December, 1852, (it being County Court day) to the highest bidder, a splendid BRICK STORE-HOUSE, on Main street, in said town. There is a lot running back from the Store-House with other valuable improvements in it, including a fine two story brick Kitchen. The store house has a number of finely finished rooms, fitted up for a family residence, in addition to the store room, and is admirably suited for an individual with a family who is desirous of carrying on merchandise or other business. There is now a Drug Store kept in the house. It is about the best stand in town. Said sale to be upon a credit of twelve and eighteen months, the purchaser giving bond with good security, to have the force and effect of a replevin bond, bearing interest from date.

THOS. C. WOODS, Conr.

To My Customers!!!

I HUMBLY solicit a settlement with those indebted to me as speedily as possible, as I wish to wind up my business. I may be found at Mr. Eick's Hotel, if not Mr. R. SAVAGE will answer.

ANTHONY THORNTON.

State of Kentucky,) Set. Spt. Term
Marion Circuit,) 1852.

GREEN PHILLIPS, Creditor, vs. Deft.

ORDERED by the Court that all persons having claims against the estate of Green Phillips, doell, are hereby required to produce and prove the same before the Hon. S. Knott, Master Court in Chancery, at the Clerk's Office of the Marion Circuit Court, on or before the March Term next, and all creditors are enjoined from otherwise disposing of their claims until the further order of the Court.

Attest, W. A. S. KNOTT, M. C. Mr.

CARRIAGES!!!

F. LAWREY

TAKES this method of informing the citizens of Marion county, that he will visit Lebanon at least once in every month and some times oftener. He will always be prepared to furnish CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, ROCKAWAYS, &c. of the very latest and most fashionable patterns at Louisville prices.

I am always ready to exchange new carriages for second hand upon terms.

My manufacture is at Louisville on the corner of Main and Preston where I will always be glad to receive orders or visits from the citizens of this neighborhood. F. LAWREY.

Reference—J. H. Kirk, J. P. Reed, S. Purdy, Geo. Phillips and J. T. Jarboe.

Oct. 27th—6m

New Fall and Winter

DRY GOODS.

THE undersigned has just received from the East a very handsome assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's goods, selected by one of the latest buyers, west of the Alleghays, consisting in part of the following articles:

Amber in cloth; figured and plain delaines; fancy and sea merinos; silks and black and fancy cloths; 6-4 1/2 Bayadere cassimere; black Dorking; embroidered Vestings; plain do; overcoatings; Clak linings; Ladies' and Gentlemen's Kid and Buckskins; all of the goods can be bought very low for cash or on a short credit.

Persons owing account for the past year will confer a favor not to be forgotten soon by coming in and settling by cash. MONEY I AM BOUND TO HAVE.

Oct. 6th, 1852—f. J. H. KNOTT.

New Fall and Winter

GOODS.

WE have just received direct from NEW YORK and PHILADELPHIA a complete stock of Fall and Winter GOODS which we will sell low for cash or on punctual dealers on the usual credit—our customers and the public generally are requested to give us a call. All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for goods.

ABELL, WIMBATT, & CO.

All those indebted to the undersigned either by note or account are requested to call and settle, as we are determined to settle up our old business.

I. A. & W. I. ABELL.

Sept. 6th, 1852—f.

New Fall and Winter

DRY GOODS.

L. A. SPALDING & CO.

WOULD respectfully inform their friends and the public generally that they have now in store a large and well selected stock of Fall and Winter Goods, comprising all of the varieties and patterns suitable for this market, which they are determined to sell as low as any establishment in the west. Our friends and the public generally are requested to call and examine our stock.

Sept. 29th, 1852.

BOOKS! BOOKS!!

THE following School, and Miscellaneous BOOKS, together with Stationery may be had at the Drug Store and any works desired, not on hand, will be immediately rendered.

McGuffey's 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th Readers, Primers and Spellers.

Goodrich's 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th Readers.

Webster's Dictionary, Speller, and Speller and Dozier.

Ray's, Davis's, and Pike's Arithmetics and Ray's Algebra.

Butler's, Smith's, Kirkman's and Pinou's Grammars.

Smith's Object and Smith's Geographies.

Consolidated Natural Philosophy and Chemistry.

Pinney's English Reader; Familiar Science, Cassius; the great work of Baron Humbolt.

History of England by Hume; Smollett; and Miller, in 4 vols.

Collier's History of the Moors; Persians, Carthaginians, &c. in 2 vols.

Sanctori's History of the United States in 4 vols.

Hilbert's History of the United States, in 6 vols.

Young American's Library in 10 vols, gilt and engraved.

Scottish Chiefs, Cook's Voyages, Rindoo, Rindoo.

Readings of the

Select Poetry.

Robin Redbreast.

Sweet Robin, I have heard them say,
That thou wert there upon that day
When Christ was crowned in cruel scorn,
And bore away the bleeding thorn;
That so the blith upon thy breast
In shameful sorrow was impressed;
And thence thy genial sympathy
With our redeemed humanity.

Sweet Robin would that I might be
Bathed in my Saviour's blood like thee;
Bear on my breast, whatever the loss,
The bleeding blazon of the cross,
I live, ever with thy loving mind;
In fellowship with human kind;
And take my pattern still from thee,
In gentleness and constancy.

Valium in Parbo.

"Why is a chemist like a wit? Because he is furnished with good retorts."

Why is a man ascending Vesuvius like an Irishman trying to kiss a pretty girl? Because he wants to get at the crater's mouth.

Reserve is no more essentially connected with understanding than a church organ with devotion, or wine with good nature.

Every man thinks that Caesar's wife ought to be above suspicion, but he is far less particular as to what Caesar himself ought to be.

Dr. Brown, of Troy, said in a sermon lately, that if Franklin tamed the lightning, Professor Morse taught it the English language.

The cobbler declares that the times want "mending," that his "little awl" is insufficient to support him, although he is the "last" to complain.

A railway train travels at seventy miles an hour, which may be called one hundred and five feet per second, and this rate is little more than four times less than that of a cannon ball when discharged.

Figurative. Howard Paul, in his "Yankee Stories," talks about "slices of sunshine." We were always free to grant poets a wide license, but for a prose writer to talk of sunshine as he would of cucumbers is positively two much of the good thing. We may expect to hear next of parcels of daylight, bits of rainbow, chunks of gloom and a bundle of zephyrs. Metaphor is getting below par evidently.

A NICE YOUNG MAN.—The only practical joke in which Mr. Barham was ever personally engaged, was as a boy at Canterbury, when with a schoolfellow, now a gallant Major, "famed for deeds of arms," he entered a Quaker's meeting house; looking round at the grave assembly, the latter held up a penny tart, and said solemnly:

"Whoever speaks first shall have this pie."

"Go thy way," answered a drap colored gentleman, rising, "go thy way, and—"

"The pie's yours, sir," exclaimed Barham, placing it before the astonished speaker, and hastily affecting his escape.

A lady, a few days ago, upon taking up Shelley's novel, "The Last Man," threw it down very suddenly, exclaiming, "The last man! Bless me! if such a thing were to happen, what would become of the women?" Grandmother replied,—"Never mind, my dear, there is too many left such as they are."

Definitions.

Snow—Winter's dressing gown.
Ice—The sheet of the river's bed.
Icebergs—Nature's pendants, manufactured from the gems of the purest water.

The Difference of a Letter.

A few years since, and before the close of Duponceau's life, a party of Philadelphia savans was assembled at his house to spend the evening. Hodgson, of Savannah, a profound oriental scholar, was also of the party. Duponceau had become inveterately deaf at this period of life. Addressing himself to Mr. H., the learned jurist, asked if there was any late news in the world of science. "I have not heard any," replied Hodgson; then correcting himself, he observed, "I am told Lepsius has just gone to Cairo." This was the great Prussian archaeologist. "Who?" bawled Duponceau, who like most deaf persons had acquired the habit of speaking loud to induce others to do so. Hodgson repeated Lepsius' name. "Lepsius!" said the jurist, musingly; "Why, he has been dead at least an hundred years."

The orientalist made several attempts to point out the difference, but Duponceau seemed to regard the explanations as casting doubts upon his chronological knowledge, and became abrupt, not to say rude. Hodgson gave up at last, and Duponceau to his dying hour believed that a scandalous advantage of his credulity, equally ungenerous and insulting, had been attempted to be taken by his guest.

Cist's Advertiser.

Inquisitive people are the funnels of conversation; they do not take in anything for their own use, but merely to pass it to another.

Virtue wants more admirers, wisdom more supplicants, truth more real friends, and honesty more practitioners.

That is not the best sermon which makes the hearers go away talking to one another, and praising the speaker, but which makes them go away thoughtful, and serious, and hastening to be alone.

Why is a scolding wife like an alligator? Ans. Because she is all jaw.

Flowers.—How the universal heart of man blesses flowers! They are wreathed around the cradle, the marriage altar, the tomb. The Persian in the far-east delights in their perfume, and writes his love in rose-gays, while the Indian child of the far-west claps his hands with glee as he gathers the abundant blossoms,—the illuminated scriptures of the prairies. The cupid of the ancient Hindoos tipped his arrows with flowers, and orange flowers are a bridal crown with us, a nation of yesterday. Flowers garlanded the Grecian altar, and hung in votive wreath before the Chisian shrine. All these are appropriate uses. Flowers should deck the brow of the youthful bride, for they are in themselves a lovely type of marriage. They should twine round the tomb, for their perpetually renewed beauty is a symbol of the resurrection. They should festoon the altar, for their fragrance and their beauty ascend in perpetual worship before the Most High.—*Mrs Child.*

STATE OF KENTUCKY.

Marion County Court, }
Sct.

NOVEMBER TERM, 1852.

This day came L. L. SHRIVE, President of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company, together with J. P. REED and eleven others, citizens and tax-payers of Marion County Kentucky, and produced to the court their petition which is ordered to be filed and entered of record, and which is as follows, to-wit:

Office Louisville and Nashville R. R. Company, Louisville, Sept. 24th, 1852.

To the Honorable—
COUNTY COURT OF MARION, }
State of Kentucky.

Your Petitioners, the Louisville and Nashville Rail Road Company, (duly chartered by the State of Kentucky), and twelve citizens of said county, who are tax payers in said county, do hereby, and in conformity with the propositions of said charter, and an act amending same passed by the Legislature of Kentucky, approved January 9th, 1852; entitled an act to amend an act, entitled an act to charter the Louisville and Nashville Rail Road Company, approved March 5th, 1850, and the act amending the same, approved March, 25th, 1851, request your Honorable Body to subscribe to the capital stock of the Louisville and Nashville Rail Road Company, two thousand shares of stock, of one hundred dollars each, payable in the Bond of the county of Marion, having twenty years to run, one half to be issued January 1st, 1853, and alike amount January 1st, 1854, bearing interest at the rate of six per cent per annum; the principal and interest to be made payable in the city of New York. State of New York, this subscription to be made on the terms and conditions that the same shall be applied to the construction of a Branch of the Louisville and Nashville Rail Road from some suitable point on the main stem of said road to the town of Lebanon, county of Marion, State of Kentucky, which Branch when built, shall be a part of the joint stock of said Louisville and Nashville Rail Road Company, and so regarded in all the transactions of said Rail Road Company.

By order of the Board:
L. L. SHRIVE, President
J. P. REED,
THOS. JACKSON,
HARVEY McELROY,
B. SPALDING,
STEVEN PURDY,
THOS. R. BAKER,
WM. T. HAMILTON,
WM. S. KNOTT,
WM. P. McELROY,
J. B. WATKINS,
C. A. VANCELEAVE,
JOHN S. MEDLY.

Therefore, it is ordered by the Court, that an election be held in accordance with the directions of the Act establishing the charter, and amendments thereto of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company; at the several places of voting established by law in Marion County, on Friday the 10th day of December 1852; and it is ordered that the present Judges, Clerks and Sheriffs of election at said places of voting, be and they are hereby directed to hold the election; to determine the sense of the qualified voters of Marion County, whether they will by their votes, authorize and direct the Marion County Court to subscribe to the Capital Stock of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company, Two Thousand Shares of Stock, of one hundred dollars each, payable in the bonds of the county of Marion, having twenty years to run; one half to be issued January 1st, 1853, and a like half to be issued January 1st, 1854, bearing interest at the rate of six per cent per annum; the principal and interest to be made payable in the city of New York, the subscription to be made on the terms and conditions prescribed in said petition and also on the further conditions, to-wit:

1st. The said subscription of two hundred thousand dollars on the part of Marion County, to be made, on condition that a sufficient amount is subscribed, or otherwise obtained by the said Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company to build said Branch Road that may lay out side of Marion County, and that said Railroad be completed within four years from the date of the subscription aforesaid.

2nd. That the stock in this Branch Road be placed in every respect upon an equality with the stock in the main stem of said Road.

3rd. That the Company will give stock for all the interest Marion County may have to pay upon her bonds issued for the amount above subscribed until said Road is in condition to declare regular annual dividends.

4th. That said Branch Road shall run as near by St. Mary's College in Marion County, as the nature of the case will al-

low, with due consideration of the interest of the Company.

Ordered, That notice of the time, place and objects of the election be published in the Lebanon Post, by weekly insertions for four weeks, and by printed notices at each place of voting for at least 30 days preceding said election.
A copy attested: R. H. ROWNTREE, Clerk.

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